

# The Musical World.

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FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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## A TRIP TO PARIS.

CHAPTER I.

To Desmond Ryan, Esq.

MY DEAR RYAN,—You insist upon my sending you an account of my adventures, for the *Musical World*—but what adventures can be extracted from a journey to Paris? Everybody knows Paris by heart; and the present season is not the season for novelties in your department. All the world is, ought to be, or affects to be, *à la chasse*; the busy time does not commence until the Italians have given the signal at the *Bouffes*—which important epoch rarely dates before the 1st of October; even the *feuilletonistes* have got a week's cessation from their labours; and the *habitués* of the *cafés*, who cannot afford to go out of town, must be satisfied, until the return of these witty gentlemen, with foreign politics, and the letters of the unfortunate Duchess of Praslin. Nevertheless, an editor being absolute, even when provisional, I obey your commands, and do homage to your authority. So here goes for a chat—which you must take just for what it is worth, and no more.

I arrived at Folkestone, at twelve o'clock, on the night of the 2nd instant. As circumstances compel me (like most men in my position) to be economical, I had taken a place for the second class; but a glance at the accommodation provided for travellers of moderate means was quite enough to make me change it for a first-class ticket. "Cheap and nasty" is an apothegm peculiarly applicable to England; but it is nowhere so disgustingly exemplified as in the managerial policy of our wealthy and overpaid railroads. I am a strong advocate for freedom of speculation in a commercial country, but experience convinces me that government interference in railroads is absolutely necessary, for the comfort and safety of the public. At the Dover and Folkestone railway, those persons who paid *eleven-and-sixpence* for a second-class ticket, on the night I speak of, were thrust into a sort of dirty-covered waggon, close under the jaws of the engine—a place of horror that should only be accorded to a luggage-van, or, where there is not luggage enough, to an empty carriage. These disgraceful proceedings should be made more generally known, in order that they may be summarily condemned and speedily reformed. From the Folkestone station we were taken in an omnibus (fare, *one shilling*—for two or three-hundred yards) to the Pavilion Hotel, where a further extortion of sixpence, for moving the luggage from the omnibus into the hotel (a previous sixpence having been already paid for moving the luggage from the station into the omnibus), helps to make your pocket lighter, and your heart heavier. The Pavilion Hotel is a large and commodious edifice, which has been built since I was at Folkestone, four years ago. It is kept by Signor Vantini, the proprietor of the *Hotel des Bains*, at Boulogne. The charges are moderate enough, albeit not extravagantly

reasonable. After securing a room for the night, I took a stroll upon the beach. My old enemy, the sea, whose voice I had not heard since 1845, was restless and fidgetty, and his moan was as the roaring of some distant forest, populous with lions. His face was grey and gloomy; although the moon, his mistress, smiling through the maiden shyness of her first quarter, ever and anon, would throw a silver mantle over his large and naked shoulders, until some envious cloud swallowed it up in darkness; but then again, the moon, watchful and anxious as a loving wife, would silently glide from out the black mist of the cloud, and once more cast her tender rays upon his breast. "Mine ancient enemy"—said I—as, tired of this play of light and dark, I threw the remnant of a cigar upon his face—"wilt thou, to-morrow, vex me as of yore, or wilt thou let me ride in peace upon thy bosom?" My answer was a rolling wave, which loosened itself at my feet, and before I could budge a pace, had drenched me to the skin. Satisfied with this response, like King Canute who desired not to be drowned, I fled from the beach, and was soon in my bed at the hotel. But knowing that I must be up again at three, to be ready for the Boulogne boat, I could not sleep. The moon peered in at my window, and persisted in getting into my eyes; it seemed as though its beams forced open my eyelids, and would not let them shut. So after a two hours' dose—thought keeping watch at my pillow as a sentinel—I was not sorry to hear a voice, which warned me that it was past three o'clock.

The passage to Boulogne was well enough. Although the sea was angry, it was not boisterous, and I arrived about seven o'clock, congratulating myself on having cleverly escaped the *mal de mer*. After an hour and a half at the *Douane*, during which I had considerable trouble in finding my things, and Jarrett's horn was tossed about by the *Commissi naires* from the various hotels, as though it had been a piece of useless lumber, I went to the *Hotel de Paris* (which had been recommended to me by Madame Balfe), where I found a civil waiter, with one eye and many tongues, who, not until he had talked me into a fever, consented to provide me with some breakfast. This consisted of coffee, much worse than what you get at the respectable English hotels; ham, which for its toughness, might have been leather, but for its tastelessness was more like board; eggs, really fresh; butter, ditto; and *petits pains* of undeniable quality. At Boulogne I saw Madame Balfe and her daughters; Thalberg, looking sleeky, glabritous, and well-conditioned (he is going to play at the next Philharmonic Concert, for Boulogne has its Philharmonic, as well as London and Liverpool); Westmacott, with whom I had a long chat about old times and present speculations; Alexander D—, an ancient *connaissance*, who being a native, and destined, like myself, for Paris,

was very serviceable in procuring me a place in the *Diligence* for Abbeville—a matter of no small difficulty at this time when so many of the Parisians are returning home after their month's bathing, and there are not half enough *Diligences* to accommodate the travellers who have multiplied so amazingly since the opening of the Amiens railroad; and others, whom I do not remember at this moment. I was told that Benedict and Godefroid were there, but I did not meet them. Indeed the weather was so ungracious, that scarcely anybody ventured out. As it was impossible to get a place in either of the two first *Diligences*—at nine, and at half-past two o'clock—I was compelled to wait for the night-conveyance at half-past eight. In this I secured the only seat left, which luckily happened to be in the *Interieure*.

After dinner I amused myself by walking out, in spite of wind and rain, upon the jetty, which skirts one side of the harbour, and is one of the most remarkable objects in Boulogne. The Queen of the Belgians, steam-boat, was due at six o'clock, but seven had struck, and there were no signs of her appearance. The sea was dreadful, and fears were entertained that she would be compelled to weather the night, without approaching the harbour. Crowds of people—well-dressed females among them, regardless of the wet—were assembled on the jetty, watching with eager interest the entry of a number of fishing-smacks into the harbour—an achievement of no little difficulty and peril under the circumstances. One vessel was carried out of its course, and after beating about for a long time, was finally stranded upon the beach—where, but for the timely arrival of the men belonging to the Life-preserving Society, the crew, consisting of seven or eight persons, would inevitably have perished. Five of them were cast into the water, and vainly struggled against the impetuosity of the waves, which threatened to engulf them in eternity. Happily, however, all were saved, although three were carried away, insensible, with scarcely any signs of life. At length, the long and anxiously expected Queen of the Belgians appeared in sight. She was not far off, either, for the misty atmosphere had prevented moderately distant objects from being visible, and she was only discovered when within about half a mile of the harbour. After a fearful struggle against wind and tide, during which she was mercilessly tossed about by the blind and raging billows; every eye from the shore watching her progress with restless eagerness, the Queen of the Belgians at length overcame all obstacles, and cutting through the waves that tumultuously opposed her path, as a bold general heads his retreat through the ranks of an opposing phalanx, she gallantly rode into the harbour, the loud cheers of the mob celebrating her safety and her triumph. It was a spectacle at once exciting and glorious; a victory of human art over the terrible force of convulsed and angry nature. Imagine a moth passing unhurt through the flames of a mighty furnace, and you will have something like a simile for this tiny ship, which the ocean, lashed into madness by the fury of the storm-winged winds, in vain endeavoured to swallow in its depths. Eight o'clock arrived, and I had forgotten to send to the *Douane* for my passport. It was raining—not cats and dogs, but elephants and hippotamuses—and I had almost reached the *Messageries*, whence the *Diligence* takes its departure, before the recollection of my passport flashed across my mind. "I shall be too late," thought I—and then, adieu to my dining at Paris on the "fourth of September!" (You know that my only object in going to Paris was to dine there on the fourth of September)—and then I may just as well go back to London. However, by the promise of another franc, I awoke the driver of the *façre*

from his habitual lethargy, and by convulsive efforts he whipped his horse (an emaciated animal, with one ear and three legs—a sort of parody on Rozinante) into the alarming pace of half a mile an hour. Thus we retraced our way to the *Douane*, where I found two dull looking functionaries, slowly putting away their books, and proceeding to "shut up shop." "Est ce que Monsieur desire son passport?"—"Oui, oui, vite s'il vous plait, ou je perdrai ma place."—"Bien Monsieur—mais c'est trop tard, nous allons fermer." My visions of Paris began to fade into thin air—for I was determined to arrive there on the 4th, or go back to London. Remonstrance was useless, the functionaries were without pity; and it was only the sight of a five franc piece, which I took from my waistcoat pocket in despair, that ultimately melted the ice of their indifference, and persuaded them to prepare the provisional document by means of which you may regain your passport after you have been two days at Paris. The tedious process completed; another couple of francs (the customary charge for the provisional passport) disbursed; the driver, who had fallen asleep in the midst of the drenching rain, once more awoken, once more substantially argued into half a mile an hour; and back we went to the *Messageries*, where wet through, out of humour, and profoundly miserable, I arrived just in time to prevent the *Diligence* from starting off without me.

You may imagine that a night-journey of nine hours, under these circumstances, with nothing to eat or drink the whole way, was anything but agreeable. I tried to go to sleep, but in vain,—I descended at every stage, when the *Diligence* stopped to change horses, in the hope of finding some refreshment, but no—all the houses were shut, not even a crust of stale bread, not even a glass of sour beer was to be had for love or money.—"Ah" thought I, as I watched the sluggish process of un-harnessing the old horses and harnessing the new ones—as I listened to the "Heins" and "Pan," and "Heu!" of the coachman, an individual who confined all his eloquence to monosyllables, albeit of these he was by no means chary—as I passed through towns, fortified by wall and ditch, as carefully as though the value of eighteen-pence could be obtained by a property-tax, levied on every inhabitant—"Ah" thought I—"we manage things differently in England!" Never in my experience of travelling can I remember such a journey, such a coach, such a coachman, such a road, such horses, such a pace! Every five or six miles we had to wade through a large duck-pond; and here and there was invariably some breakage, or the disarrangement of the harness, necessitating a stop of ten or twenty minutes, to repair—during which time the driver would "Han!" and "Pan!" and "Heu!" preposterously. It appeared that these breakages and stoppages were a condition of the journey; but, at several stations, there were men with hammers, nails, and cordage in their hands, who rushed at the *Diligence*, the moment it arrived, and began to rummage about the wheels, and shafts, and horse-furniture, with an air which said, "What's broken to-night?"—as if to be broken were a matter of periodical recurrence. It reminded me of the ancient *Cocher*, in Paul de Kock's romance, who, when the *Diligence* was overturned at a certain spot, took off his hat, and apologised to the passengers for not having pre-informed them that it *always* upset in that place—"Nous versions toujours ici."\* The only incident that diversified the monotony of the journey, happened near one of the aforesaid duck-ponds, where an accident to the harness necessitated the

\* La Laitière de Montfermeil.

mending process. Here was an old hovel of a *cabaret*, in which several peasants were assembled, smoking pipes, drinking a beverage of what kind I could not discover through the cracked window, and shouting revolutionary songs, in choral unison, *à la Verdi*—though abominably out of tune—thinking, at last, that something might be obtained here, however, meagre the fare and thin the potation, I tapped at the window, one of the vocalists rose from the bench on which he was seated, stood upright, and holding his pipe in a menacing attitude, as though he were going to hurl it at somebody's head, vociferated, with stentorian obstreperousness, "Q'v'la?" And this was all I could obtain in reply to my application.

At length we got to Abbeville, a large town with a very old but not a very handsome church; about twenty thousand inhabitants, and thirty thousand houses—a house and a half for each inhabitant. Here is a railway terminus, pending its extension to Boulogne, a consummation devoutly to be wished. It was broad daylight, which gave me the opportunity of remarking what very little taste was exhibited in the construction of the terminus, which is not only intrinsically poor and trivial, but utterly out of sorts with the architectural character of the town to which it belongs. Even here there was nothing to eat or drink, although we were detained more than an hour for the train. At length, however, it appeared and matters began to wear a brighter aspect. The rain was over, and the sun came freshly forth and smote us with his beams. The second class carriages here are quite as comfortable as the first on the English railroads, and much more roomy in the bargain. Our Folkestone friends might advantageously derive a lesson from the French in this particular.

The journey from Abbeville to Amiens occupied us about an hour. The country adjacent to Abbeville consists of large and fertile plains. Hard by is the pretty little town of Longpré, most picturesquely situate in the bosom of a wood, on a gently sloping eminence. As we arrived at the station, we observed a group of men and women, leaning against a gate, anxiously watching the preparations for departure. Among these was a very old woman, and two girls, both pretty but one remarkably so. This girl was very fair, and her hair which peeped out from the close embrace of a large pink *bonnet* (not bonnett) was of that rare and beautiful hue to which the old poets and romancers have applied the epithet "golden." Her eyes were as blue as the unclouded sky, and the mildness of their expression was something positively angelic; yet they were suffused in tears, which glided in big drops down a cheek and neck, whose smooth surface and round yet delicate mould would have enchanted the creator of Apollo. The old woman, too, who looked as if she had started from one of the living canvases of Titian, Rembrandt, or Vandyke, was sobbing loudly, and holding up a cross in her hand apparently for some one to look at. But her grief, unlike that of the soft retiring girl at her side, was clamorous and obtrusive. The eyes of the other girl were red also, as with weeping, but there was neither the unruly violence of the old woman nor the quiet intensity of the younger girl in her grief. The men standing near were vainly endeavouring to console them. I did not see the cause of all their emotion, but guessed that it was some young man setting out for Paris to seek his fortune, (and perhaps for Paris only as the starting-place to a yet more distant spot) and leaving behind him a mother, a sister, and a betrothed wife. This was the only interpretation I could find, and my heart wept for that fair young girl, whose deep and anxious look seemed to peer into the future, and see nothing but despair. I never can forget the expression of those eyes, and the eloquent

meaning of those silent flowing tears. The idea of them haunted me all the way to Paris; but when I arrived at my journey's end, and curiously scanned every body that emerged from the carriages—first, second, and third—I could see no one who appeared to be at all worthy of such tears and such a mourner. But *she* saw with other eyes than mine, and would have singled him out from a million!

At Picquigny, the next station, there is a fine specimen of the church-tower of medieval times, and near it some extensive ruins—chiefly walls and parapets—of an ancient castle. Ailly comes afterwards—a small town, pleasantly situated, and rejoicing in a church, quite as ugly and ill-proportioned as it is old and curious. The river Somme runs through this country, and if you have time to spare you may go from Abbeville to Amiens by water, which travellers tell you is well worth the trouble. This river also supplies some capital trout-fishing, which accounts for the number of Englishmen who infest its banks, and imagine they are exploring France, while they are miserably entrapping a small aquatic animal. We reached Amiens at last, and there—oh inexpressible delight!—contrived to get some excellent *café au lait*, and a hecatomb of bread and butter.

(The Sequel in our next.)

## A Treatise on the "Affinities of Goethe,"

IN ITS WORLD-HISTORICAL SIGNIFICANCE,

DEVELOPED ACCORDING TO ITS MORAL AND ARTISTICAL VALUE,  
Translated from the German of Dr. Heinrich Theodor Röscher,  
Professor at the Royal Gymnasium at Bromberg.

### CHAPTER II.—(continued from page 569).

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SINGLE CHARACTERS IN THE "AFFINITIES."

EVERY contradiction between our will and the execution, between our feelings and reality, which is not to be overcome, but which embraces our whole existence, produces a disgust of life. This is also a natural result with Edward. It manifests to us the increasing contest of the inmost soul, the restlessly urgent disquietude with which he flies from one occupation to another, and, quitting all, more inconsolable than before, longs for his own destruction. He looks upon himself as a departing one who can render his friends happy by his death. Thus he is possessed, by the courage of despair, to sell his life as dearly as possible in the ranks of the warriors, being penetrated by the frightful certainty that all happiness on earth was for him embittered for ever.

But death has disdained his offering, while Edward's passion has in no degree diminished. But in the midst of the most violent contest the hope had again revived that he might once perhaps attain the possession of the highest good. The obstinate forbearance of death might perhaps have confirmed him in this! At least consolatory forebodings and many cheerful signs foster the belief that Ottilia may possibly become his own. Do not let us mistake the change of consciousness and its consequences. Edward, who refers everything to his connection with Ottilia, sees in his preservation, which has happened contrary to all expectation, and in the signs and forebodings which reveal themselves to his excitable mind, a higher voice, which now promises the possession of Ottilia almost as a right, as a prize after so many dangers and such a wonderful preservation. If we before looked upon his passion as something uncomparable, he at any rate gave to it no further justification than to his connection with Charlotte. This position is now reversed. Passion and its gratification are exhibited by his deeply moved soul as something sanctioned by a higher order of things; whereas, on the other hand, the moral bond of marriage appears to him as something merely human,—a view that can be held by illusion alone. In this perversion of positions, which passion has produced, is exhibited the sophistry of the understanding, which places itself on the throne, and supports the illusion and self-sufficiency of the heart. The conversation with the Captain confirms what we have said.



He, whose passion has so far deceived the clearness of his moral consciousness that its gratification appears to him as something justified, must, when he is challenged to give a reason for his illusion, necessarily abandon himself to the sophistry of the understanding, which can support everything with good reasons and gain a negative side from everything that is substantial. The perversion is here represented to perfection. The law of the heart, in opposition to the morality of marriage, is considered as the mystery, which may demand esteem and acknowledgment, while the understanding, which levels everything, and before which, according to Edward's own expression, all rights are equal, places marriage in the category of contingent commotions which must yield to that which is inevitable.

To every objection of his calm and rectifying friend Edward offers an argument, which, if we pass over the concrete relations, looks sensible enough, and which, if we do not look at the foundation, scarcely allows passion to be recognised as its source. But selfishness cannot deny itself. Is the friend to be bribed by the offer of receiving Charlotte from Edward's own hands, and to be gained for Edward's wishes? Edward's understanding has never shewn itself so active as now, when it is to be employed as a weapon of passion. If passion has once taken its refuge behind this barrier, if it no longer appears in its own form as the natural force of feeling, which indeed avows its invincibility, but is at the same time conscious of its contradiction to a moral power,—in this case every prospect of a return of the individual into himself, and of his self-restraint has completely vanished. For if the sophistry of the understanding has justified passion and its desires, and has declared every moral restraint, which opposes its realization as mere foolish insolence, the total darkness of the consciousness has taken place, and the subject has sunk into the last state of an unfree position.

For Edward's point of view it is highly important, but only a consequence of developed consciousness that, in opposition to Ottilia, in his boundless passion, he, even from that guilty thought on that unhappy night, which in the new-born child so fearfully connected itself with flesh and blood, discovers a support for his wishes a higher warning, as it were, for the dissolution of his marriage and an eternal union with Ottilia, and will therefore atone for a sinful wish by enjoyment and by the gratification of his desire. This appears to us the acme of his destroyed consciousness, and of his perversion of all moral conceptions.

Let us, from what we have said, comprehend the only possible result of this turn of mind. If Charlotte's moral dignity illumines for the moment Edward's obscured mind,—“if he feels the value, the worth, the reason of his wife,” his inclinations nevertheless sway him exclusively and bid him break through every restraint. No obstacle, inward or outward, is able any more to fetter this condition, which, indeed, resembles madness. The destruction of the object of this immediate passion can alone bring to the day of fate him who nourished himself on her only. The dissolution of his existence is therefore given him together with the departure of her who has alone sustained his vital spirit. Being thrown back from an independent existence completely into the bosom of a life which solely supports him, and, as it were, being conjured into the situation of an embryo existence, which no more derives nourishment from itself, the last breath of the beloved being in which the root of his existence is set, is the sign of his approaching dissolution.

The moment when Ottilia renounces Edward for ever, and thus forces upon him the certainty of a hopeless existence, is for us a prediction that his end is near at hand. As shortly before death man often elevates himself both outwardly and inwardly above himself, and feels placed in an illuminated condition which is the forerunner of a complete separation from earthly powers, so do we recognize in that happy complacency which has taken possession of Edward after Ottilia's irresistible refusal ever to belong to him, in the moments when he is together with that beloved creature, so do we recognize in this, we say, the signs of an approaching dissolution. In that spirit-like tone of mind in which, as it were, the dividing limit of the body seems, as it were, to be overcome by the power of the feelings and the distinction of individualities to have vanished, in which a superterrestrial repose diffuses itself over the individuals as if from the interpenetration of their inmost

soul-life, the approaching departure from everything material is also prophetically announced.\* The atonement of Ottilia, her purification from all the dross of earthly desire, involuntarily draws the friend who derives nourishment from her alone into this higher region, and endows him with this happy complacency as an off-shoot of the grace of which Ottilia participates. It is not his own merit, it is not his own strength which lifts him into this ether of spiritual feeling; it is only the divine power of Ottilia which asserts itself in this happy repose, diffused over her other self. The operation of mental elevation, of perfect clearness of mind, is extended far beyond the limits of the individuality, and in the elevation of those closely united with us to a similar complacency, announces itself to us as that invisible, all-penetrating power which gives and imparts more than the individual according to his particular nature and moral bearing is entitled to require.†

But because this superterrestrial repose of Edward does not flow from his own soul, but is only produced by Ottilia, therefore with the death of the ardently beloved one returns the tone of despair, “in which he becomes certain that the happiness of his life is lost to him for ever.” A dull pain gradually takes the place of despair, and shews us Edward's organs of life in a state of slackened activity. The utterance of his feelings, both in words and tears, has ceased; all announces the total destruction of the earthly case. Yet because Edward is not able, like Ottilia, to accept this death as atonement for his guilt, but finds in it only the signification of a complete impotence of moral power, and of a thorough want of mental independence, he cannot, like Ottilia, give the expression of a transfiguration and of internal repose, but is rather accompanied by the unhappy consciousness of his own weakness and of a destination missed. Only living in and through Ottilia, the end of Edward lacks all the creative power of a free resolution, and rather appears as a diminution of Ottilia's martyrdom, which therefore loses all its beneficial influence. That he is aware of this importance, as well of his whole missed existence at the moment of his departure, that he departs with a consciousness so inconsovably at discord that he cannot act otherwise; yet at the same time finds no happiness in this necessity, but only a bitter pain—all this, in the most striking manner, reveals to us a state of mind which we may rightly consider the greatest punishment which a mortal can endure.‡ For the fall of Edward all the elements of his whole existence and the contradictions of his life are concentrated as into a point, and assume, even against his will, an objective form. Hence the inconsolable character of this fall! Hence in him is revealed the truth that the masculine character is ever and eternally forbidden to be a child and sacrifice of nature; and on the contrary as something called from its home for contest and action can, neither in doing nor in suffering, purely represent a resignation to the natural force of feeling. Because the whole masculine organization despotically insists on a separation from the foundation of natural force, and altogether demands an independent demeanor and an existence attained by a struggle, every position opposed to this will, in its very gem, shews itself as a great contradiction with the whole substance of the masculine nature, for which man must atone. This great truth, in our

\* This feeling of Edward and Ottilia, which passes the bounds of distinct individuality, and immediately touches the very soul, is described to us by the poet in a remarkable manner. “They dwelled under one roof, but without directly thinking of each other; busied with other things, drawn in different directions by society, they nevertheless approached each other. If they found themselves in one room it was not long before they stood, or sat by each other. Only the closest approximation could satisfy them, but it did perfectly satisfy them,—this approximation was enough. There was no need of a look—a word—a gesture—a touch—but only of the mere being together. For it was not two persons,—it was only one person, in perfect, unconscious pleasure, satisfied with himself and with the world.”—*Dr. Rötcher's note.*

† In this sense we might interpret that passages of Edward's, whom immediately before the description of this happy complacency of both, he says: “Why should I withdraw myself? Is she not already distant from me? It once occurs to me to seize her hand, or press it to my heart. I dare not now think of it—it fills me with horror. She has not taken herself away from me; she has elevated herself above me.”—*Dr. Rötcher's note.*

‡ The unhappy, inconsolable consciousness of Edward is strikingly expressed in the words addressed to the Major shortly before his death: “How unhappy I am that my whole endeavour remains but an imitation—a false effort. What was happiness to her, becomes torture to me, and yet for the sake of this happiness, I am compelled to undergo this torture. I must follow her, and in this path, but my nature and my promise hold me back. It is a frightful problem to imitate the inimitable. I plainly feel, my best friend, that genius is required for everything, even for martyrdom.”—*Dr. Rötcher's note.*

opinion, is confirmed in Edward's disconsolate departure from life, and by a comparing glance at Otilia's beautiful death, in which is manifested the pure unbroken power of nature, and, as it were, the genius of resignation to that power brings to the clearest consciousness in the character of Edward the irreconcilable contradiction of the destination of the masculine nature with the dominion of mere feeling.

(To be continued.)

\*.\* To prevent misunderstanding, it may be stated that the copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

### SONNET.

No. L.

THAT wild and dreamy time dost thou forget,  
When thy dear form so eagerly I sought,  
When thou wert all, and when the world was nought?  
Say—does it linger in thy mem'ry yet?  
Sweet, bitter time! when our eyes fondly met,  
And thine were trembling with an anxious thought  
Of grief, of joy, and of compassion wrought;  
While upon all love his own stamp had set.  
Yet is it mem'ry only that awakes  
That thought of love, as if 'twere something past,  
A fancy, that could stir the heart no more.  
No! No! the light upon thy count'nance breaks,  
Thine eyes still beam, and o'er thy cheek is cast  
That deep, confessing blush.—All is not o'er.—N. D.

### HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

RÉSUMÉ OF THE SEASON.

(Continued from our last.)

FROM the details we have adduced it will be easy to draw the conclusion, that had it not been for the advent of Jenny Lind the season of 1847 would have been most disastrous to the management. Whence the question naturally arises—whether such overpowering influence attached to the name and talent of a single artist, in any great establishment, be not an evil both to the establishment itself, and to the art which it should be its duty and its interest to uphold. It is very certain, from the severe loss that accompanied all the efforts of Mr. Lumley previous to Mdle. Lind's arrival; from the crowded houses which attended every one of Mdle. Lind's performances; and from the scanty receipts which signalled those nights on which Mdle. Lind did not appear; that not the slightest interest existed in the public mind about the other artistes of the director's *troupe*. The result of the season shows plainly that Mr. Lumley might have dispensed with his *ballet* altogether, and have contented himself with Signori Corelli and Guidi for tenors; Signor F. Lablache for his barytone; and Madame Solari for his *seconda donna*; Signor Rubbi might, under the circumstances, have undertaken the duties of *basso profundo* and *souffleur* in his own person; a fourth part of the band, with M. Nadaud as leader and conductor *en même temps*, would have done very well; while the chorus might have been advantageously dismissed, since its very unimportant (under the circumstances) share of the *partitions* could have been decently scraped through by the band, as a sort of instrumental *refrains*. Here would have been (under the circumstances) an efficient company, to act as foils to the "Swedish Nightingale;" and Mr. Lumley would have been spared the needless expense of large *appointemens* dedicated to such useless appendages as Lablache, Staudigl, Coletti, Gardoni, Castellan, Balfe, &c., &c., and Taglioni, Carlotta Grisi, Cerito, Perrot, &c., &c.—all of whom (under the circumstances) were little better than drones, feeding upon the honey of the managerial profits. The public would have made no complaint, since the public only went to see and hear "the phenomenon," Lind; and, what

is better, the public would have been spared the dishonor of insulting and neglecting the old and deserved favorites of the establishment. We use the words thinkingly—for was it not an insult and disgrace to Lablache, that no more attention was paid to his magnificent talent, by its erst so warm appreciators, than if his glorious singing had been the mere tinkling of a cymbal, and his unrivalled comic acting the obtrusive buffooneries of a country-fair jack-pudding? And all this for a new-comer, in the person of a Swedish lady, who though she has been inordinately puffed, is by no means a first-rate singer, and by no means even a third-rate actress!

That Mr. Lumley's *troupe* was not entirely what the *troupe* of Her Majesty's Theatre ought to be, and that it was inferior to the *troupe* of the Royal Italian Opera, we readily consent: but we will not for this allow Mr. Lumley to be put down with a "Pshaw!"—or his efforts to form a new company to be treated with undeserved and unreflecting contumely. Mr. Lumley has our love, for many good deeds in the olden time, and albeit he overlooks his ancient friends, and is influenced by foolish counsels, we shall continue to draw the sword of argument in his defence, when we find him hard-pushed and ill-treated, and shall plunge it, without ceremony, into the "one side" of his prejudiced and unflinching detractors. Mr. Lumley was in a position of unprecedented difficulty, and we say now, what we have said all along, that the company he collected together, with the able and zealous assistance of Balfe, his best and truest friend, was, under the circumstances, admirable. To say nothing of Lablache, Castellan, and the old favourites, Mr. Lumley is entitled to the gratitude of the Opera-going public for the introduction to this country of the new tenor, Gardoni; and for the restoration of Coletti, the barytone. Nor must the fact be overlooked that the public was clamorous to hear Jenny Lind; that Mr. Lumley obtained Jenny Lind, careless of risk, careless of expense; and that Mr. Lumley might have been ruined by the upshot. That it has turned out otherwise is his good fortune, and not the merit of the public. Moreover was not the *ballet* more complete and splendid, in respect of the artistes employed, than ever known before? The expense attached to Mr. Lumley's *ballet* is enormous, and would alone justify his acquittal, were he accused of niggardliness before the public tribunal. It has, we allow, recently become the fashion, among some puritanical critics—who merit the endowment of Midas' ears for their obtuseness—to underrate the *ballet*, as though it were of little or no consequence. But we boldly tell those gentlemen, that in whatever form beauty and art may present themselves, beauty and art will be welcome to refined understandings. In affecting to rate the *ballet* as unworthy because sensual, and insignificant because vulgar, (premises and conclusions being both untrue), they merely show that their own understandings lack refinement; and in endeavouring to sneer at that which is superior to their intellectual comprehension, they are simply befouling themselves with the dirt of narrow-minded egotism and preter-preposterous conceit. As long as there is grace in motion, the *ballet* will flourish; and as long as there is appreciation of grace in the public mind, the public will love the *ballet*. It is therefore sheer affectation to dismiss Mr. Lumley with a single word, in consideration of what he has effected towards perfecting and concentrating the beauty and the influence of the *ballet* in this country. A statue should be erected to him for this one thing alone; and we would, with pleasure, lay the foundation-stone.

A great many hard things have been said about Mr. Lumley's band and chorus this season—and we have ourselves

said not a few of them. But to put the matter fairly :— would any one reproach a man for not being able to crack the shell of a walnut in his mouth, after a dentist had extracted all his teeth? No one would be so stupid and unjust. But is it not equally stupid and unjust to attack Mr. Lumley for not having engaged a good band, when there was no good band to be got, for love or money? Let Mr. Lumley be the man; his former band, his teeth; Signor Costa, the dentist; an overture to be executed, the walnut to be cracked; the critics, the reproaching party; and you have the simile complete. The orchestra which Mr. Lumley possessed, previous to the season 1847, were the teeth, which Signor Costa, the dentist, had provided for him; they were artificial, if you will, but nevertheless Mr. Lumley could crack what he liked with them; now that he and the dentist have quarrelled, and the dentist has deprived him of his teeth, it is the height of fatuity, and the height of cruelty, to abuse him because he cannot crack so well as before; or with a worn-out range of teeth, supplied by a parcel of miscellaneous charlatans, execute as efficiently as with the fine, firm, and even range which he possessed awhile ago. Even Balfe, the respectable consulting dentist, who is called in, to clean and furbish up, can make little or nothing, with all his talent and experience, of such a rickety set of teeth, half of which are decayed, and a fourth brittle; the remaining fourth, good teeth enough, only serving to show off the irregularity and unsoundness of the others to greater disadvantage. At the same time, Mr. Lumley must look to his teeth; he must have them taken out and cleansed; the bad ones must be thrown away, and replaced by new ones; otherwise he will be likely to have the tooth-ache; and we shall no longer be able to defend him from his enemies, who will continue to attack him, in spite of his teeth.

But to speak of another matter. The number of operas produced by Mr. Lumley this year is fourteen. Of these, with a few exceptions, what was new was not good and what was good was not new. *Favorita*, *Lucia*, *L'Elisir D'Amore*, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, of Donizetti; *I Puritani*, *La Sonnambula*, *Norma*, of Bellini; *Roberto il Diavolo*, of Meyerbeer; *Le Nozze*, of Mozart; *Nino (Nabucco)*, *Ernani*, *I Due Foscari*, *I Lombardi*, and *I Masnadieri*, of Verdi;— these were the operas performed—not a very brilliant array it must be owned, and numerically apportioned precisely in an inverse ratio to the merits of the respective composers :— e. g. Verdi, 5—Donizetti, 4—Bellini, 3—Meyerbeer, 1—Mozart, 1, Verdi five and Mozart one—Verdi first and Mozart last! But happily it is a divine ordinance that the last shall be first and the first last—which gives us a hope of a day to come, when the public, and even that fraction of it which makes up the Opera subscription, will prefer Mozart to Verdi. (Reader—in your sleeve :—MOZART to Verdi!!! Is this a case *risum movere*, in a case *lacrymas excire*?) The only good novelty among these operas was *La Favorita*, one of the ablest works of Donizetti, which had the advantage of Gardoni's first appearance and of his first success—and, so to speak, was the maiden effort of the new company, principals, band, chorus, and all. To say truth, it gave a promise which the future failed to keep; we expected better things from it; but during the whole season there was not one so artistically excellent a performance as that of *La Favorita* on the first night. We have already said, more than once, that the new opera of Verdi was a lamentable failure. We should have laboured by a careful analysis of the score to prove that the public was justified in utterly condemning it; but, on second thoughts, we said—"Why give undue importance to

a worthless matter, by according it time and space which can be so much more pleasantly and reasonably devoted to other subjects?" And so we left *I Masnadieri* without a criticism. Those who would like to see it handled, lengthily and summarily, however, may refer to *The Court Journal*, which, in the current number of the week, gave *I Masnadieri* a long consideration and a sound lashing. *The Robberies* would have been a better name for this opera, which is literally nothing better than a series of pillagings from other composers, who, in Signor Verdi's score, find their ideas *estropiés* and horribly mangled—squinting, halt, and maimed. If *I Masnadieri* be repeated next season, and we be in a condition to do it, we shall transfer the criticism of *The Court Journal* to our own pages. It is too disagreeable and too painful a task to write one ourselves.

The paucity and the staleness of the operatic repertoire is only to be excused by Mdle. Lind's success, in the progress of which all other considerations were swallowed up; and even the *ballet*, great and varied as were Mr. Lumley's resources in that department, was neglected—one solitary *divertissement* (*Les Elemens*) being produced, during the three months duration of the "Nightingale's" engagement; and the vivacious and fluent Perrot remaining comparatively idle. The public, however, did not refrain from asking why no *ballet* was produced for their favourite, Carlotta Grisi, who has made the fortune of so many *ballet*-masters and the celebrity of so many *ballets*, and who is now in the zenith of her powers and the apogee of her popularity as the first of living *danseuses*. This matter will, we have little doubt, be rectified next year—for Carlotta is too precious a jewel, not to be set off to the best advantage, in all the pearls and brilliants of choregraphy.

(To be concluded in our next.)

#### JENNY LIND! JENNY LIND!! JENNY LIND!!!

THE ensamples this week of the "Nightingale's" doings are not so numerous, nor various as those of last week; nevertheless we have discovered a few which will be found sufficiently interesting to the lovers of the miraculous and ridiculous.

No. I.—(From the Bristol Journal, Sept. 4th.)—"JENNY LIND.—The "Swedish Nightingale" sang last week at a concert given at the Town Hall, Brighton. The room was completely filled, and the concert must have realised about 1,000 guineas. An adjoining room, from which scarcely a sight of the orchestra could be obtained, was nearly filled by auditors, at a reduced price. Persons from London, Chichester, Hythe, Portsmouth, Sandgate, Ryde, Cowes, Erith, Bedford, and even from Dieppe, were present at the concert. On Thursday week, she appeared for the first time in Birmingham; but in consequence of the enormous price of the tickets, the Town-hall was not near so full as might be expected. The fair cantatrice sang at Manchester on Saturday, Thursday, and yesterday. On Monday next, and on the Wednesday following, she will appear at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool. On Thursday week she returns to Birmingham, to give a concert, in the Town-hall, for the benefit of the Hebrew National School of that town. On the Friday following she gives a grand miscellaneous concert in the Amphitheatre, at Hull; and on Saturday she gives a concert at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. With all these performances it is stated that the proprietor of the Manchester Theatre Royal is connected. Jenny Lind then crosses the border, and gives a concert in Edinburgh, and another in Glasgow, after which she proceeds to the Continent, having to appear very shortly afterwards in Berlin. Her net receipts on this provincial tour, it is calculated, will fall little short of £10,000."

No. II.—(From the Daily News.)—"JENNY LIND AT THE MANUFACTURING ESTABLISHMENTS.—Last week Jenny Lind paid several visits to the Manchester Institutions and places of manufacture. She first proceeded to the Phrenological Gallery in Lower King-street, and spent some time in examining the collection of busts. As might be expected, she contemplated with the deepest interest the casts of the celebrated musical composers and artists, and manifested considerable emotion while regarding the casts of Carl Maria Von Weber and of Malibran. Accompa-



nied by Mr. and Mrs. Salis Schwabe, she next visited the cotton mills of Messrs. Birley and Co., and saw all the processes of the manufacture of cotton, from the conversion of the raw material, just as imported, into thread, and into calico, finished and packed for exportation. She was very much pleased with the accumulated ingenuity with which a thousand inventions and adaptations are combined to accelerate and perfect these manufacturing processes. The party next visited the Atlas Works of Sharp, Brothers, and Co., and here Jenny Lind was much struck by the gigantic power which pierces and chips thick sheets of iron, as if they were mere pasteboard cards. In the evening of Tuesday, the members of the German *Liedertafel*, resident in Manchester, serenaded the charming *cantatrice*, at the house of her host. Up to this time she was in her usual health, and she sang with no diminution of her accustomed power, no lack of that charming vivacity which is so fascinating in her portrayal of the martial maid, Maria. She was much gratified with her reception by the audience on each successive night of her performance, and has more than once expressed her gratification on this subject. On Friday she visited, with her host and hostess, the print works of Messrs. Salis Schwabe and Co., at Rhodes, and was much interested in watching the various processes of calico printing."

No. III.—(From the *Manchester Courier*, Sept. 4th.)—"JENNY LIND IN MANCHESTER.—On Wednesday Jenny Lind was to have appeared in the opera of "*La Figlia del Reggimento*," but in consequence of a sudden indisposition she was incapacitated from appearing. This became known about noon, and in the course of the afternoon a placard appeared to the following effect:—*Notice*.—The proprietor of the Theatre Royal has, with unfeigned regret to announce, that indisposition on the part of Mademoiselle Jenny Lind renders it impossible that she should sing this evening (Wednesday); but as there is every reason to believe that after a day's repose Mademoiselle Lind will be able to sing without injury to herself, he has to announce that the first performance of *La Figlia del Reggimento* will take place to-morrow, Thursday, Sept. 2nd, and the second on Saturday, Sept. 4th. The proprietor has conveyed this change of night, and the cause of it, by electric telegraph, to all the stations along the various railways accessible by this means of conveyance, and by bills along the other lines of railway, so as to prevent the public disappointment as much as possible. Wednesday's tickets will admit on Thursday, Friday ditto on Saturday. The proprietor of the theatre begs to submit the following copy of a medical certificate, which he has received from W. Wilson, Esq., the medical attendant of Mademoiselle Jenny Lind, and of the family in whose house she is now the guest:—"I have this morning visited Mademoiselle Jenny Lind, who is labouring under the effects of a cold, attended with hoarseness, and consider it would be highly imprudent in her to sing this evening; but I have little doubt she will be able to resume her professional duties to-morrow evening.—Wm. Jas. Wilson, Mosley-st., Sept. 1." Theatre Royal, Wednesday, one o'clock." The attack was very sudden, as we understand that on Tuesday evening, a number of the members of the *Liedertafel* went to the residence of Salis Schwabe, Rusholme, at whose residence Mdle. Lind has been staying, to serenade her, and were invited to her presence, when, with her usual good nature, she sang some Swedish and German songs for them. On Thursday night she was sufficiently recovered to appear in the opera, and charmed all who heard or saw her. Our notice of the performance appears elsewhere. To-night her last performance takes place, and with it her last appearance this season. But, as it is the last, it will also in some respects be the best of the performances, it having been arranged that after the opera there shall be a miscellaneous concert, in which Mdle. Lind will sing her national Swedish melodies, as sung before the Queen and the court. The proprietor proposes to-night to receive all outstanding tickets for any of the operas, though of course seats are not guaranteed.

No. IV.—(From the *Manchester Courier*, Sept. 4th.)—"ENGAGEMENTS OF MADLLE. LIND.—We have not heard much of the movements of this lady during her sojourn in Manchester, though we doubt not she has been treated with the utmost courtesy and kindness by those who so readily took upon themselves the duty of hospitality, and has been made acquainted with some of the wonders that are to be seen in our mills and manufactories. Her last public appearance in Manchester is to-night, and then she leaves us for Liverpool, in which town she plays in the operas of *La Sonnambula* and *La Figlia del Reggimento*, on Monday and Wednesday. On Thursday she appears in Birmingham, on Friday in Hull, and on Saturday in York; and she then takes her departure for Scotland. We believe that her engagements, after her return to the north, are as yet undetermined."

No. V.—(From the *Manchester Courier*, Sept. 4th.)—"THEATRE ROYAL.—JENNY LIND IN *LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO*.—Mademoiselle Jenny Lind was to have appeared in the opera of *La Figlia del Reggimento* on Wednesday evening, but she was taken ill, and before noon it was evident she would be unable to play, having been very unwell during the

greater part of the previous night. Many were much inclined to cavil, and attribute the defection to caprice. For ourselves, we acquit Mdle. Lind of anything of the kind. She has an immense reputation; the audience go expecting to hear something above the common standard, and to hear which they have paid a price greatly above the common charge; and that therefore she had only the choice of two evils, either to appear before the audience at the risk of not coming up to their preconceived notions of her abilities as proclaimed by every mouth, or to take the course pointed out to her by a prudential care of her health. The certificate of Mr. Wilson, surgeon, was published, to show that the delay proceeded really from a genuine cause, and not from caprice. On Thursday afternoon it was found that Jenny was sufficiently recovered to fulfil her engagement. Whatever inconvenience the audience might have been put to, and however they might have been inclined to complain, we question whether aught but delight would be the feeling on leaving the theatre. In "*The Daughter of the Regiment*," the whole weight of the performance rests entirely on her, and how perfectly were her acting and singing in unison with the conception of the character we can hardly find words to express. In speaking of Jenny Lind's acting and singing, we may say that we have never seen such an actress step on the stage in such a fascinating manner. Her very coming on and going off again is worth watching a long distance to see; then, again, her cadences, so apt to the subject, so completely true to the spirit of the score; in the "*Sonnambula*" they were formed principally on the Swiss scale, the frequent skipping the third and the omitting the semitone in the scale, something like the Scotch; and in the "*La Figlia*" the same careful study was observable, for most of her cadences were founded in the military scale of the trumpet. Her compass of voice is great—her intonation as perfect as we ever heard—her execution is so clear and so perfectly in tune, even in the most difficult divisions, that the distances could not be more satisfactory to the ear, or more correct, even if it were possible to measure them mathematically. Her voice is powerful and of a quality remarkably agreeable; the upper register of her voice is extensive, her lower tones far inferior to Malibran's; but then, to balance this, her higher notes are as good—but we love to dwell on the memory of the gifted Malibran; her voice was of a different register, and therefore they ought not to be compared critically. In conclusion we may say, that although our expectations of Jenny Lind were raised to the highest by universally-proclaimed fame of her abilities, and although we went to hear, convinced that she could not come up to what then appeared to us the exaggerated encomiums bestowed on her, we are happy to say that, we were not disappointed. Gardoni has made a favourable impression in Manchester. F. Lablache is much improved, and played Sulpizio with great spirit."

No. VI.—(From *Burrows' Worcester Journal*, Sept. 9th.)—"JENNY LIND.—The marriage of Jenny Lind and the Rev. Mr. Grote is said to be an affair arranged. The fair and celebrated vocalist passes much of her time with the family of the Rev. gentleman, at Burnham Beeches, near Slough. Jenny Lind was to have sung at Manchester Theatre on Wednesday se'nnight, but was prevented appearing by an attack of indisposition."

No. VII.—(From the "*Revue et Gazette Musicale*")—"We have heard a great deal of the anxiety of the public of Berlin to hear the celebrated Jenny Lind, and of the fabulous prices which have been paid for tickets for the performances of this grand artiste. Many people, enraged at having passed to no purpose whole nights and days under the open air before the theatre of the Grand Opera, in order to obtain tickets at the box-office, have accused the officers employed at the theatre of being bribed to reserve for others in private tickets intended for public sale. In consequence of this accusation, the inspector, Mons. Lehmann, and six *sous-caissiers* of the Grand Opera, were summoned before the criminal tribunal of Berlin. The investigation, which lasted from eight in the morning till six in the afternoon, was entirely in favor of the officers, who were exculpated from the charge, and dismissed."

No. VIII.—(An advertisement from the "*Manchester Courier*.")—"JENNY LIND.—IMMENSE ATTRACTION.—THE BED ON WHICH JENNY LIND SLEPT IN '*LA SONNAMBULA*,' IS NOW ON VIEW AND ON SALE, AT NO. 12, — STREET."

The last paragraph is what would be vulgarly denominated a "clinch." We cannot attempt to weaken the force of this gigantic climax by any comments of our own.

#### GIORGIO RONCONI.

SOME few numbers back we gave a compendious notice of the artistic career of the above celebrated vocalist: to this notice we had, at the time, intended to have added a critical examination of Signor Ronconi's talents and genius, but the

length to which the article was extended precluded us from giving more than the statistics of his dramatic career, and compelled us to postpone our mental analysis to another period. The present moment seems to us by no means inopportune to enter into a minute investigation of the artist's abilities; for, in the first place, the Royal Italian Opera has closed and with it the performances, for the season, of Signor Ronconi; and, in the next place, there is a sudden lull in the musical storm that continued to blow with considerable fury for several months past, which necessarily affords our readers more time for attentive perusal, and provides ourselves greater leisure to devote to matters pacific and argumentative.

Signor Giorgio Ronconi is universally acknowledged in Italy, Germany, and France, to be the greatest male dramatic artist on the lyric stage. This high award is *not* universally adjudged to him in England. The cause of this discrepancy of opinion we shall have to consider, when we have first examined the claims of Signor Ronconi to such superlative excellence.

The first grand requisite of a singer is a fine voice. Signor Ronconi does not possess this requisite in a superior degree. His voice is not particularly melodious, nor is his intonation always strictly true. This somewhat deficient organ, nevertheless, possesses advantages of a rare kind. Its power is immense, and its extent extraordinary for a barytone. In *forte* passages its volume fills the house like a thunder-peal; and in passionate phrases, when the artiste comes out with an upper G, or sometimes an A, with all his power, the effect is quite electrical. No barytone ever heard in this country combined power and compass of voice in the same degree as Signor Ronconi. We have heard barytones who could sing as high as Ronconi, Zuchelli for instance, who could take the high A with ease, and our own Leffler, with a range of voice nearly as extensive, but both quite deficient in power. On the other hand we have heard barytones with voices as powerful as Ronconi's, such as Coletti, Lablache (more powerful), Tagliafico, Marini, &c., &c., but all these are confined in the upper register, or, at least, are limited to the F, the extreme end of the legitimate barytone's vocal tether. But let it not be supposed that the finest displays of Ronconi's art are restricted to his energetic singing. We never heard an artiste, Rubini perhaps excepted, who could deliver an *andante* with more thrilling effect, or with more consummate beauty of vocalization. His method, or mode of using his *mezza voce* is singularly striking, the most delightfully pathetic sounds, softened to an extreme degree, being produced. These notes have quite a tenor tone, and are entirely free from that hardness which is a constituent portion of his *forte* singing. In this respect Signor Ronconi resembles the Swedish Nightingale, whose *sotto voce* singing is so much more beautiful than her *forte* singing. Only, let not our readers imagine we could dream of comparing Jenny Lind and Ronconi in any other respect. Ronconi has decided *genius*—whatever her *talent* may be, we are quite certain Jenny Lind has but moderate pretensions to *genius*. As an instance of the great excellence of Ronconi's *andante* singing, we would instance the "Ah! non avea piu lagrime," from *Maria di Rudenz*, which he introduced into *Maria di Rohan*, at the Royal Italian Opera, and the "Bella e di sol vestita," of the latter opera, both as genuine efforts of high art impregnated by intense feeling as ever came from human lips. This is the greatest praise, but, in this case, it is not too great. As a vocal artiste Signor Ronconi has further claims on our consideration. In comic music he sings with considerable effect. His Figaro in the *Barbiere*, an entirely new

conception by the way, is admirable in a vocal point of view, the witty phrases being delivered with great point, and the florid passages being mastered with an ease hardly to be apprehended from having heard him in serious music. His Figaro produced a marked sensation at the Royal Italian Opera, some of the critics going so far as to say, it was the best ever seen on the stage. We cannot entirely coincide with this opinion. Signor Ronconi's Figaro was, undoubtedly, admirable and original, and deserved all the applause it obtained.

We have now to consider Signor Ronconi as an actor, that is, we have to estimate what power he possesses, while singing, of realizing the passions by appropriate gesture, attitude, and look. The first thing which strikes us in Ronconi's acting is his perfect mastery of the feeling, not only of the scene, but of the moment. This requires the happiest skill to embody truthfully. It will be best to illustrate what we are saying by an example. The last act of *Maria di Rohan* provides one ready at hand. The scene in which Chevreuse reads the fatal letter revealing to him his wife's supposed infidelity, will exemplify this fully. Before Ronconi reads this letter, and even during the reading of it, we do not see any of that tragic making up, or emphatic preparation, which seems to say distinctly to the audience, "Now, look out, there's something coming," and which, unfortunately, may be witnessed in most of our best artists. With Ronconi all was calm and unexpected; neither look nor gesture declaring that anything was forthcoming; nor did he even give the customary theatrical start when he came to the fatal announcement. No, the great artiste saw deeper. A smile passed over his lips at the first sight of the dreadful accusation, as was natural to one who felt his wife's love and believed that love unshaken. The truth, unfired by jealousy, flashed slowly across his mind: but when conviction did come, it shook him like an earthquake. The burst of passion that followed the reading of the letter in this terrible scene has not been surpassed on our own, or any other stage. It is only the very greatest artist, like Signor Ronconi, who can abide the true moment when the train of passion should be fired. There are many so-called great artists who fume and fret themselves before the time of explosion, and dissipate, by petty and frequent flashes, prematurely evolved, the power and momentum of some violent commotion of the mind to be delineated. Patience is as necessary a qualification to an actor as to an angler. From what we have said of Signor Ronconi it will be concluded that he is placed, in our estimation, among the greatest dramatic singers of all times. And such is the case. We look upon Ronconi as the Edmund Kean of the operatic stage. Like Kean, Ronconi's *forte* lies in the sudden evolution of passions, or in the delineation of the more terrible mental emotions. Like Kean, though his range of characters be extensive, Ronconi's great parts are comparatively few. Although pathos forms a feature in the acting of both, it was, and is, occasional, and altogether dependant for its power on its contrast with some sterner feeling. In *physique* Edmund Kean had the advantage considerably. Ronconi's face is full of meaning, but he lacks the flashing eye and scornful lip of the great English tragedian; nor does he possess his dignity and grace of motion. Ronconi's forehead is high and massive, the form of the head beautiful, and, phrenologically speaking, strikingly indicative of intellect.

There remains for investigation the cause why Signor Ronconi is held in less estimation in England, than in Italy, Germany, or France. It must first be conceded



that with the musical and thinking section of the public of this country his reputation stands as high as it does elsewhere. It is only with the English public in general that Signor Ronconi is not yet established in the highest degree of favouritism to which his genius entitles him, and to which, no doubt, it will eventually conduct him. The first and most obvious reason for Signor Ronconi's want of universal favouritism here, is that he has been too seldom heard, and at times under considerable disadvantage. His first season in London was almost a blank, having little to do, and that little of no consequence. Had Mr. Laporte, the then manager of Her Majesty's Theatre, wished to ruin the artist, he could have scarcely fixed upon a more successful plan, than that of entirely overlooking him. Two chances of creating a sensation he did obtain, wrung from the management, rather than bestowed upon him. The first was in the *Beatrice di Tenda* in which his success was tremendous, the opera being repeated a number of times: the second was in Basilio in the *Barbiere*, which though a secondary part in the opera, arose to such importance in his personation, as to become one of the chief features of the performance, though it included in the cast Grisi, Mario, Tamburini, and Lablache. Ronconi's Basilio was a nine day's wonder at the Opera. But two characters were not enough to establish a great artiste's reputation. When the remembrance of these parts died away, the memory of the artiste faded too, and Ronconi left London bequeathing his name for recordation to those only who knew that, "like a thing of beauty," a thing of genius "is a joy for ever," and cannot die till the memory rot. In the few years between his leaving London and this season, when the directors of the Royal Italian Opera proved their judgment by engaging him, Ronconi advanced his reputation immensely in all parts of Italy, in Spain, parts of Germany, and France. In Paris he became at once one of the greatest favorites who ever appeared at the *Italiens*. The Parisians respect art above everything, and Ronconi was set down as the first of living dramatic vocalists. Of course such an artist could not be overlooked by the proprietors of the Royal Italian Opera. He was at once offered an engagement, which was accepted with certain stipulations. It was unfortunate that one of these stipulations provided that he should play Figaro in the *Barbiere*, thus depriving Tamburini of one of his best parts, and depriving himself of the opportunity of appearing in some other character in which his genius would have shone more conspicuously. At the very outset of his engagement at the Royal Italian Opera, illness assailed him, and he was heard to great disadvantage in *Lucia*. Strange to say, although an apology was made for Ronconi, and that it was stated he had been suddenly attacked by a severe cold, but that sooner than the opera should be changed, he would undertake his part, most of the audience went away disappointed, and criticised his performance with as much exacerbation as if he had been singing at all. We ourselves heard him. He could not literally sing four notes. We are now quite certain that his first appearance injured him considerably. The second night Ronconi achieved an immense triumph. But many who were there the first night of his performance did not hear him then. Another cause which militated against universal favouritism for Signor Ronconi, arose from the immense success Alboni obtained, and from the almost miraculous change that took place in Grisi, in consequence of the new impulse given to her genius by the sensation created by Jenny Lind. In fact the Jenny Lind mania, and its opposition dilapidated all reputations saving those which came in immediate contrast with her. At Her Majesty's Theatre

Staudigl and Gardoni, the first season of their engagements, were non-entities, Lablache forgotten, and Coletti unknown: only at the Royal Italian Opera, where *ensemble* was more intimately considered than it had ever been previously, were Mario, Tamburini, and Ronconi, received with favour. But the Alboni *typhus* ran nearly as high as the Jenny Lind *scarlatina*. No opera would go down with the public in which she did not appear, and even Grisi's blaze of popularity was threatened with eclipse by the new planet. The necessity of producing operas for Alboni—a necessity most judiciously followed out by the management—was another reason why Ronconi did not elevate himself to the highest point in public favour, inasmuch as Alboni's success precluded the production of operas for him. True, the *Due Foscari* was produced, and the performance of Ronconi was pronounced, without a dissentient voice, one of the most sublime ever witnessed on the stage: but the music was villanous, and no transcendancy of acting alone can support an entire opera. There are many minor reasons we could adduce, had we time, to show how unfortunate Ronconi has been in his engagement this season at the Royal Italian Opera. We can hardly attribute any degree of blame to the management for not producing operas for Signor Ronconi, but we do think more frequent opportunities might have been found of bringing him before the public. We entertain much respect for Signor Marini as an artist, but how comes it that he, who is so immeasurably Ronconi's inferior, should be cast for two of his parts, viz: the Podesta in *La Gazza Ladra* and Figaro in *Le Nozze*? We shall not pursue this subject any farther. The Royal Italian Opera directors, by this time, know the worth, and have weighed the value of the great artist of whom we are writing; and will, no doubt, next year, know how to turn his immense abilities to the best advantage.

## MUSIC AT MARGATE.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

HONORED SIR,—A friend of mine showed me your *World*, this morning, wherein I find as how that vicked vag, *Armonious*, has sent you the lines which I rite, arter my voyage to Lunnun. If it were not that he sends me verses now and then for my cries, when my muse is in the sulks, I would blow him up for the mistake he made (unless, indeed, it was your printer's devil) in von of the lines of my poetry, which completely spoiled the meaning of it—viz—in the 18th line from the top: it is printed—

"And in a lady's cap—I—shot—"

has I scarcely need tell you, that it should have been—*lap*, not cap; how could I get at a lady's cap? There is another blunder, which astonishes me very much. It is stated, that the consorts are given in the *Town All*, whereas, they is held in the sembly room, at the Royal Otel, and a most magnificent room it is; but, unfortunate, the ouse has been hempty for many ears, which is a wast pity. Shakspeer, about whose ouse there is much fuss-making just now, dained to notice *Bellmen*, for in his adwice to the players, in *Amlet*, the prince of Dunkirk, he says, "I would as leave the *Town Crier* had spoken my lines, they did it so abominably." But what would the immortal bard have said, had he heard my horations!

"But talk no more of Criers past,

Let all the world agree,

One living crier beats them all—

(Hem!) The Margate Bellman's he!!"

As I am considered a poet and a musiciener by the inhabitants and wisitors of Margate, I hope you will not think it con-

sumptuous in me, to request that you will give this letter a place in your *World*.

For, when I walks the streets along,  
A chanting of my tuneful song,  
Announcing things to sell—  
There's poetry  
In ev'ry cry,  
And music in my bell.

So no more at present from your dewoted sarvant,  
*Lombard Street, Margate,* THOMAS PHILLPOTT.  
September 8, 1847.

*Noty Benny* :—Mrs. A. Newton left us on Sunday, but Mr. Gardner has engaged Miss Felton and Mr. Gregg, also Mr. Streather, a violin player, for his consorts, which has been vell attended lately, owing in a great measure to the manner in which I cries them. The vench vot sings, is called *Jetty Lind*, not *JENNY*; because she takes her stand at the head of the *Jetty*; but the wisitors says, that my *crying* causes a wast deal more *laughting* than anything else about *Margate*, and so it does, you may take my *hyspy dickset* for it, as the French folk has it.

"But I must now resume my bell,  
So to the *World*—I bids farevell."

T. P.

#### AN ANALYSIS OF THE HUMAN VOICE.

Compiled by FREDERICK WEBSTER, Professor of Elocution to the Royal Academy of Music.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 570.)

THE radical and vanishing concrete, under all its forms, is employed on a limited number of elementary sounds, which in the English language amount to thirty-five. It is useless to make a question on the subject of the kind and number of the elements. There will perhaps always be refinements and differences on this point. The thirty-five here assumed afford all the distinctions required for the purposes of this work. An alphabet should consist of a separate symbol for every elementary sound. Under this view, the deficiencies, redundancies, and confusion of the system of alphabetic characters in the English language, prevent the adoption of its subdivisions here. The alphabetic elements are the material, and in part the formal causes of all language. It appears to me, therefore, that a classification of them, according to their functions in producing other phenomena of speech, besides that of mere articulation, would be practically useful, as well as logically just. It will not be denied that intonation is one of the most important functions of speech: consequently the ordering of the elements, if practically regarded, should have some reference to it. In the present section, therefore, these elements will be described and classed according to their use in intonation. As the number of elementary sounds exceeds the literal signs, some of the letters are made to represent various sounds, without a rule for discrimination. I shall endeavour to supply the want of precision by using short words of known pronunciation, containing the elementary sounds, with the letters which represent them marked in italics. The thirty-five elements are now to be considered under their relationship to the radical and vanishing movement. And as the properties of this function are—prolongation of sound, variation of pitch, with initial force and final feebleness—these elements should be regarded in their varied capacity for the display of these properties. With this view, our elements of articulation may be arranged under three general heads. The first division embraces those sounds which exhibit the properties of the radical and vanish in the most perfect manner. They are twelve in number, and are heard in usual sound of the separated italics, in the following words:—*A-u, a-r, a-ne, a-le, ou-r, i-sle, o-ld, ee-l, oo-ze, e-rr, e-nd, and i-n*. From their forming the purest and most plastick material of intonation, I have called them *tonic* sounds. They consist of different sorts of *vocality*: by which, I mean, that quality of voice in which we usually speak, and which is here contradistinguished from the whisper or aspiration. They are produced by the joint functions of the larynx and parts of the external and internal mouth, through which the air passes in their formation.

The tonics have a more musical quality than the other elements; they are capable of indefinite prolongation; admit of the concrete and tremulous rise, and fall through all the intervals of pitch; and may be uttered more forcibly than the other elementary sounds as well as with more abruptness; and whilst these two last characteristics are appropriate to the natural fulness and stress of the radical, the power of prolongation, upon their pure and musical quality, is finely accommodated to the delicate structure of the vanishing movement. The next division includes a number of sounds, possessing variously among themselves properties analogous to those of the tonics, but differing in degree. They amount to fourteen, and are marked by the separated italics, in the following words:—*B-ow, d-are, g-ive, v-ile, z-one, y-e, w-o, th-en, a-z-ure, si-ng, l-ove, m-ay, n-ot, r-oe*. From their inferiority to the tonics, in all the emphatic and elegant purposes of speech, whilst they admit of being intonated or carried concretely through the intervals of pitch, I have called them subtonic sounds. They all have a vocality; but in some it is combined with an aspiration. *B, d, g, ng, l, m, n, r*, have an unmixed vocality; *v, z, y, w, th, zh*, have an aspiration joined with theirs. We have learned that the vocality of the tonics, is in each, peculiar.

The velocity of some of the subtonics is apparently the same; and among all, it does not differ much, resembling that of certain five of the tonics, which will be designated presently. Like the vocality of the tonics, it is formed in the larynx; but, instead of passing altogether through the mouth, it has its reverberation in the back of the mouth, and the cavities of the nose. Some of the subtonic vocalities are purely nasal, as: *m, n, ng, b, d, g*. The rest are partly oral. The nasal are soon silenced by closing the nostrils; the rest are not materially affected by it. The vocality of *b, d, and g*, may not be immediately apparent to those who have not, by practice in the separate utterance of the elements, attained the full command of pronunciation. Writers in noticing these elements, have spoken of their vocality under the name of 'guttural murmur,' and have regarded it as a peculiar sound; whereas it is the identical vocality, heard in *v, th-en, z, zh, and r*, subsequently modified in the respective articulations of *b, d, and g*. The vocality of *b, d, and g*, in ordinary speech, has less durations and intensity, and is consequently less perceptible than that of *v, th-en, z, zh, and r*, but it is the same in kind. It is the vocality 'lone of *b* that distinguishes it from *p*. I have enumerated *y* and *w* as the initial sounds of *ye* and *wo*, because *y* is a vocality, like that of the other subtonics, mixed with an aspiration made over the tongue, when raised near the roof of the mouth; and because *w* is a similar vocality mixed with a breathing through an aperture in the protruded lips. As *b, d, g, and zh* are made by joining vocalities, instead of aspirations, with the organic positions of *p, t, k, and sh*; so *y* and *w* are severally the mixture of vocality with the pure aspiration of *h* as heard in *he*, and of *wh* as heard in *wh-ir'd*. The addition to the aspiration changes these words respectively to *ye* and *world*.

(To be continued.)

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of The Musical World.

SIR,—As a calm and disinterested observer of the alarming height of lunacy to which the London public carried its admiration of Jenny Lind, I cannot but feel gratified to find that our provincial friends have shunned the absurd precedent given them by the Londoners, and while in their reception of the Swedish Nightingale they have testified their approval of, and respect for, her great talents and accomplishments, they have reversed, impliedly if not expressly, the ridiculous verdict of the Cockneys, which placed Jenny Lind high above all past and present vocalists, and have evidenced their disapproval and amazement at the great metropolis permitting the *press* so to lead it by the nose as it has done. These are the feelings expressed in the letters of all my country friends, and I do not doubt, from what I hear on all sides, that such feelings are very general. I do not pretend to say that Madlle. Lind has met with failure, or want of success in her provincial tour—that would be to assert what I do not know; and besides, it is my opinion that the fair vocalist possesses qualities and capabilities that, go where she may, will always command success; but I do say, and I say it with pleasure, that it is now very evident that the detestable Lind-mania has been confined to the metropolis, and has not extended its pernicious influence into the provinces; and that in future years London alone will have to bear the



reproach, for reproach it will be, of having allowed itself to be so goaded on by the *clacquerism* of the press, as to pronounce Jenny Lind the greatest vocalist that ever breathed, in past or present ages, or, in the words of that sycophantic managerial organ, the *Morning Post*, "a better singer than Malibran, and a greater actress than Rachel!" Hitherto, all musicians have respected the judgment of London; it has been looked up to as a superior court, in which all the verdicts pronounced by continental cities in musical matters were to receive confirmation or reversal. Whether it does not now deserve to forfeit the high opinion and esteem of its neighbours, by its conduct this last season, remains a question.

A century ago, Montesquieu, in discoursing on the different effects of difference of climate, wrote as follows:—

"In cold countries they have very little sensibility for pleasure: in temperate countries they have more; in warm countries their sensibility is exquisite. As climates are distinguished by degrees of latitude, we might distinguish them also in some measure by those of sensibility. I have been at the *Opera* in England and in Italy, where I have seen the same pieces and the same performers; and yet the same music produces such different effects on the two nations; one is so cold and phlegmatic, and the other so lively and enraptured, that it seems almost inconceivable."—*Montesquieu's Spirit of the Laws*, Book 14, chap. ii.

Could the "canonized bones" of the great philosopher have "burst their cerements," and could he, some three weeks ago, but have beheld how plethoric John Bull, night after night, boiled over with excitement, and lost himself in the wildest paroxysms of the most violent enthusiasm—shall I say, made such a great fool of himself?—in his uproarious welcome of the Swedish Nightingale, how would the wise man have been amazed and thunderstruck, and how soon would he have been induced to run his pen through the latter portion of the paragraph quoted!

But I do hope that these maniacal ebullitions of John Bull's admiration are not of frequent occurrence, and that by next season he may be so open to the truth of the case, as to sober down a little of his lunacy, and give to Madlle. Lind the welcome and the treatment only that is due to her; to receive her most kindly, most sincerely, most favorably, without running into extravagance, or indulging in such an uproarious and intemperate clatter as we have this year experienced, I trust that by next season he may feel somewhat of those sensations perceived by a sensible man after a night's intoxication, viz: that he may feel a little ashamed of himself; that he may regret the madness which influenced him to sacrifice common sense before the shrine of *humbbug*.

And Mr. Lumley, too, should bear in mind, that it will be dangerous, most dangerous, to rest all his hopes and chances of a successful season, for next year, on the popularity of one individual: and that the overwhelming enthusiasm of the public after Jenny Lind has now very much cooled down, and that by next season it will be very much more so. He should remember how changeable a thing is popularity, and that the *star* system is a system fast losing ground in public estimation. He must for the future look more, much more, than he has hitherto done to the *ensemble* of his productions.

One word more, and I have done. I am not in the slightest degree a partizan, or an interested party in the contest between Mr. Lumley and the Directors of Covent Garden. The remarks I have made, I do not intend, I do not wish, to be turned to the disparagement of Madlle. Lind. I admit her talents, and I allow her some genius; but that she is so great a phenomenon as to eclipse all contemporary vocalists, or entitled to rank superior to all artists past and present, I utterly deny.

With a hope that I have not intruded too much upon your patience, I beg to subscribe myself,

A constant reader and admirer of your publication,  
September 6th, 1847. E. D. C.

P. S. Allow me to correct an error in your last number. *I Masnadieri* was produced on Thursday, the 22nd of July, and not on Tuesday, the 20th, as you say. The mistake is unimportant, but it is as well to have these things correct.

I am happy in possessing your approbation on the contents of my letter of last week. I agree with you that litigation with the daily press is a thing of all others to be avoided. E. D. C.

#### FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

MILAN, (Sept. 1).—DEAR —I wrote you a few hurried lines from Strasbourg, which I hope reached their destination; from thence I passed the St. Gothard, and reached Milan on Monday evening. In the *Diligence* with me were Superchi and his wife; he is here at present *en route* to Trieste, where he is engaged for the autumn season. Last night I went to the *Scala*. Mon Dieu! the difference of the troupe *par excellence* in London and this! *La Donna del Lago* was the

last opera I heard there, which by the bye has created a European sensation. It is talked of more here than any other of the triumphs of the season; but to return to the *Scala*. The *Sebastiano* of Donizetti was given last night, it is much liked here, although said to be his worst opera. Mueich was the tenor, Gruitz (a German) the soprano, and Derivis (whom one remembers for years at Paris) the basso. The rest of the troupe was execrable, in short, ridiculously bad. Gruitz has a good voice, but two or three seasons here, if she stays so long, will finish it. The tenor was very weak indeed, but might have been good in a small theatre. He was evidently obliged to strain his voice, so that one could not judge of its quality. Derivis is but a poor substitute for Marini. Perhaps in a night or two one will get more accustomed to the thing, and come away more contented than I was last night; but some allowance must be made after what one has been accustomed to for the last four months. The Hayes, our countrywoman, has been singing at Bergamo with the greatest success. She is to arrive here in a day or two for the rehearsal of *Linda*, in which she is to make her first appearance. By the bye some of the Milanese last night who had been in London and heard Jenny Lind were comparing the two, remarking it was madness for either of them to attempt the grand lyric opera in which Grisi had made so many triumphs, but they were both supremely good in such operas as the *Sonnambula*, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, &c. I must tell you that at the "Hospital" (nearly at the top of the St. Gothard, where we stayed to dine amidst pelting snow and rain), I took up a newspaper, and threw it down in disgust, for even the top of the Alps had its puff about Jenny; I could not help hoping that at that distance from London one might have been spared the fulsome adulation which was poured forth in praise of that popular songstress at every corner in London by her injudicious friends. The reports here about affairs at Covent Garden have been most absurd, and without a vestige of truth. The Milanese were surprised when I told them how matters really stood there, and what a money-taking season it had been, spite of what Lind had done at the other house. I say "Milanese," as if one was talking to twenty thousand people, but one meets "everybody" before and after the opera, at two *Cafés*, and as I had just arrived from London they were naturally glad to hear the truth of musical matters from a disinterested person. Persiani's leaving the theatre was the basis of a number of falsehoods ingeniously augmented by persons evidently connected with the rival establishment. Twenty-four hours have wonderfully altered the opinions of many I assure you. I must tell you that one man, who spoke a little English, and who saw Lind in *Norma*, said, "I felt quite pitiable for her, for I had seen La Grisi the Saturday before." Miss Edwards is engaged for this and next month at Varese, where all the people go to spend the month of September and October. Send me next week one *World*, addressed here, and another Venice, as I am uncertain at which place I shall be. You must excuse my rambling way of writing, old fellow, and believe me always sincerely yours, T. E. B.

P. S.—A young Englishman named John Haigh, with a wonderful bass voice, is studying here, and it is thought will make a great sensation when he comes out. His brother is at Venice. You know him, he tells me. Piatti is also here.

MADRAS.—On Tuesday the society of Madras were regaled with a great musical treat. Notices had previously been circulated that Mr. Marsh, lately arrived from Calcutta, would give a *Soirée Musicale* at the rooms of the Polytechnic Institution, on that evening; and long before the hour at which the entertainment was to commence, nearly every seat in the upper room

of the building was filled. At half-past eight o'clock, Mr. Marsh began by the performance of an Introduction for the pianoforte by Dohler; Thalberg's Andante with Thema; and a Coda of his own composition, which he played with great taste and execution. There was a clearness and distinctness of enunciation in his performance of this composition, as well as in the other pieces which Mr. Marsh executed during the evening, which could not fail to have been most satisfactory to his hearers. The facility with which he used his left hand alone seemed to render a second hand almost unnecessary. "Of what is the old man thinking" was next very feelingly sung by Mr. Marsh, with a harp accompaniment. This song was followed by an Air Varie by Mr. Itgen, the almost unrivalled performer on the clarinet, with a pianoforte accompaniment by Mr. Marsh. The taste and execution with which Mr. Itgen played several passages on his most difficult instrument, elicited general admiration and applause. "The Heart bow'd down," from the 'Bohemian Girl,' was next sung by Mr. Marsh, and was followed by a Fantasia on the 'Last Rose of Summer,' upon the harp, by the same gentleman, which was received with much approbation. The manner in which Mr. Marsh drew forth the tones of this soul-stirring instrument was fully appreciated by the audience. In the second part of the performance we had Herz's Variations on "La Muette de Portici," by Mr. Marsh; and "Woman," sung by the same gentleman. A beautiful Duo, for the clarinet and pianoforte, by Mr. Itgen and Mr. Marsh followed; then a Pot-pourrie for the harp; and the entertainment was concluded by a comic song, "Wanted a Wife," which Mr. Marsh sung with point and naiveté. We cordially invite all lovers of music to go and hear Mr. Marsh at his next concert. A few more such well attended meetings would go far to prove that the soul of harmony has not entirely fled from us; and we are almost presumptuous enough to hope that, ere long, Madras might disclaim altogether the distinguished epithet which it has hitherto enjoyed.—*Madras Circulator, April 26th.*

#### REVIEWS OF MUSIC.

"Songs of the Heart," No. 1—"The Blighted Heart,"—Ballad.—No. 2—"The Wasted Heart,"—Ballad—written by L. E. L. No. 3—"I took my lute,"—Ballad—written by Mrs. James Grey. Music composed by Mrs. Frances Herrick.—C. Hale & Son, Cheltenham.

We have, on a former occasion, borne willing testimony to the neatness and grace of style of Mrs. Herrick's ballad compositions. The three songs under review exhibit all the softness and delicacy of a female mind. Mrs. Herrick also displays no mean capabilities as a musician, her ballads being arranged with skill and effect. The poetry is unexceptionable.

"When the Violet bloomed,"—Ballad—composed by Mrs. Francis Herrick.—C. Hale & Son, Cheltenham.

This song pleases us more than any of the above-mentioned of Mrs. Francis Herrick's. The melody is elegant and happy, and is charmingly adapted to most pretty words. "When the violet bloomed" is certain to become popular, should it obtain dissemination, and become known.

#### PROVINCIAL.

BRISTOL.—We had on Tuesday evening, at the Victoria-rooms, what is called a "Grand" Concert—a term, by the bye, which often promises more than is realised. In this case, notwithstanding the vocalists were the élite of the Covent-garden Opera, we cannot concede the justice of the term. Grisi, Mario, and Tamburini, sang admirably—there can be no mistake about it; but Opera music, without a band, and devoid too of the action that belongs to it, can never be "grand." Mr. Hatton did with the accompaniment all that a piano-forte could be made to effect; and the splendid voices and consummate taste of three such artists could not fail to delight any audience. Mario exerted himself with powerful effect; and Tamburini's rich bass has seldom been heard to

greater advantage. Grisi, we regretted to observe, appeared to be suffering from indisposition. In the course of the evening the Trio favoured us with some buffo songs, in delivering which they irresistibly became actors as well as singers, much to the amusement of the audience. Altogether the Concert, if not "grand," was a highly pleasing one.—*Felix Farley's Journal, Sept. 4.*

LIVERPOOL.—(From a Correspondent.)—The Liverpool papers are teeming with the praises of Mr. Wetherbee who has lately delivered a course of six lectures, on the Vocal Melody of Germany and Italy, at the Collegiate Institution in that town. We quote a few passages from them:—"Mr. Wetherbee's talents as a public lecturer are great, his matter is good and his delivery graceful and easy. In his vocal illustrations, he gives evidence of great natural capabilities, refined taste, and careful cultivation. Among those who have heard him only one feeling is expressed that of the highest gratification." "If our judgment be correct these lectures will take a deep hold on the public, and will increase in interest the more they are known. The lecturer is not only a careful musician with a good voice, but his lectures are infinitely superior to anything of the kind heard in the institution before, being as much remarkable for their refinement and purity of language, as for the comprehensiveness of view with which the lecturer treats his subjects." "The singing of *Adelaide*, was excellent. The audience paid a compliment to the singer, by an unanimous encore. The same compliment was paid to Lindpainter's song, "The Standard Bearer," the "Wanderer," Mozart's "Within these sacred Bowers," Mendelssohn's Serenade, &c." "This has been one of the best courses on the subject delivered at this institution, and such of our readers as have had the opportunity of hearing them, we are sure will be glad to see Mr. Wetherbee again."

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.—A trial of works by the members and associates of this society, will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Friday, Sept. 17, at 12 o'clock.

GRISI, MARIO, AND TAMBURINI, with the indigenous adjuncts of Mr. L. Lavenue and Mr. J. L. Hatton, have been giving vocal and instrumental concerts during the week: at Newcastle-upon-Tyne on Tuesday; at Berwick-on-Tweed on Wednesday; on Thursday at Glasgow, and on Friday (yesterday) in Edinburgh. On Monday, the 13th, returning from Scotland, they will appear at Liverpool; on Tuesday at Manchester; on Wednesday again at Liverpool; and on Monday at Chester.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN AND THE BRITISH NATIONAL MARCH.—England has justly boasted of her glorious National Anthem. She may now be equally proud of her truly magnificent NATIONAL MARCH: a noble and sublime inspiration, that will immortalize the name of the composer, and confer a lasting honor on the nation and people, to whom it is devoted. These two compositions will now stand side by side in majesty, a thrilling power of effect on our national sympathies. The composer of the former is unknown, but that of the latter, Edward Clare, Esq., is one amongst us, a young, rising and talented composer of the present day. (*Advertisement.*)

MR. MADDOX has engaged Madame Anna Thillon for the whole of the coming season. Mr. Macready, Miss Cushman, and Mr. Wallack are also engaged. We understand that *Hamlet* will be among the first performances with the following cast of the principal characters:—Hamlet, Mr. Macready—Horatio, Mr. Wallack—The Queen, Miss Cushman—Ophelia, Madame Anna Thillon.

VERDI.—The opera, in four acts, by this composer, to be produced in Paris, at the *Académie*, is a *rifacimento* of *I Lombardi*, which will bear the title of *Jerusalem*. Verdi is now in Paris, and was present at the grand rehearsal of Halevy's *La Juive*, on Sunday, the 5th inst.

CARLOTTA GRISI.—In Auber's grand five-act opera (*libretto* by Scribe), to be produced in the spring at the *Académie*, in Paris, there is a part of great interest for this fascinating *Danseuse*. No new *ballet* (as was reported) is at present in preparation.



MESDEMOISELLES ALBONI and CORBARI, and SIG. ROVERE, accompanied by Mr. Lindsay Sloper, have been giving concerts this week at Derby, Hull, Leeds, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Carlisle, and Kendal. On Monday, 13th, they will give a grand Concert at Liverpool; on Tuesday ditto, at Manchester; on Wednesday, they will again appear at Liverpool; on Thursday, they go to Shrewsbury; on Friday, to Birmingham; and on Saturday to Leamington. In the week following, on the 20th, the same party will give a concert at Newcastle-under-Line, and at Wolverhampton ditto on the 21st. Alboni appears at Gloucester during the Festival, on the 22nd and 23rd; and on the 24th the same party above-named, *sine Rovere*, who departs for Italy, will give a concert at Reading, and another at Brighton on the 25th.

WE are glad to hear that there is every reason to believe Baffe will wield the baton again at Her Majesty's Theatre; the transient discord between him and the manager, having been judiciously arranged.

GRETRY v. GLUCK.—In the letter of our correspondent from Bonn, last week, the statue of Gretry at Liege is inadvertently styled the statue of Gluck. Gretry was born at Liege; Gluck was a native of Germany.

RACHEL.—This most gifted and celebrated of actresses has returned to Paris, and will shortly make her *rentrée* at the *Theatre Français*.

PERROT.—The engagement of this celebrated *maître de ballet* at the *Académie* does not commence till next season. He has another winter at Milan, and another season with Mr. Lumley.

ROGER, the popular vocalist, is now fulfilling his duties as first tenor at the *Opera Comique* in Paris. His engagement terminates in July next, after which he will proceed on a tour to Italy. Roger created quite a *furor* during his late engagement at Brussels.

MR. BURDINI, the vocalist, is in Paris, and will probably, ere long, make his appearance at the *Académie*.

MDLLE. PLUNKETT has been giving a series of representations at Brussels; she is expected in Paris immediately. Her reception at Brussels has been highly favourable.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Everything was arranged to the satisfaction of everybody, about the future conduct of this great establishment, during Mr. Beale's recent visit to Paris. We shall shortly enter into the subject at large, since it is one of national interest.

GLOUCESTER FESTIVAL.—In addition to the vocalists named by us last week, as being engaged for the Gloucester Festival, we have to mention Madame Caradori Allan, and (for the concerts) Mr. John Parry. Leader, Mr. T. Cooke. It will be the veteran Lindley's 55th appearance at the festival of the three choirs, on the ensuing occasion. The present venerable Archbishop of York officiated as steward, and preached the anniversary sermon at Gloucester, just sixty years ago!

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A. M. P.'s" Sonnet in our next.

"H. D."—We cannot answer the question about Madame Castellan. Signor Salvi is, we believe, engaged for the Royal Italian Opera next year.

"L. M."—No. We stated correctly in the Musical World, and the Morning Herald was in error. It was Tamburini, not Labloche, who was the original Duke in 'Lucrezia Borgia' at Her Majesty's Theatre.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

##### THE CONCERTINA.

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#### THE CHURCH.

A LETTER to the Provost of Worcester College, Oxford, by J. C. PHILPOT, late Fellow of Worcester College, on Resigning his Fellowship and seceding from the Church of England; in which the Errors and Corruptions of the Established Church, the Principles and Practice of the Universities, as well as the Congregations and Preaching of the Orthodox, and Evangelical Clergy, are freely commented on. 16th Edition. Price 3d.

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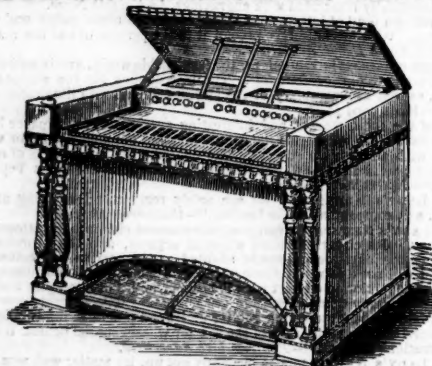
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